I haue no doubt but thou ſhalt cleare thy ſelfe,
My conſcience tels me thou art innocent.
Hump. Ah gratious Henry theſe daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end theſe miſeries,
And ſtaie their moodes for good King Henries ſake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thouſands more muſt follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords firie eyes ſhowes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone
Whoſe ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:
And you my gratious Lady and ſoueraigne miſtreſſe,
Cauſeleſſe haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I ſhall not want falſe witneſſes inough,
That ſo amongſt you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,
A ſtaffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suffolke. Doth he not twit our ſoueraigne Lady here,
As if that ſhe with ignomious wrong,
Had ſobornde or hired ſome to ſweare againſt his life.
Queene. I but I can giue the loſer leaue to ſpeake.
Humph. Far truer ſpoke then ment, I looſe indeed,
Beſhrovv the vvinners hearts, they plaie me falſe.
Buck. Hele vvreſt the ſence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Wincheſter, ſee him ſent avvay.
Car. Who's vvithin there? Take in Duke Humphrey,
And ſee him garded ſure vvithin my houſe.
Humph. O! thus King Henry caſts avvay his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,
And puts his vvatchfull ſhepheard from his ſide,
Whilſt vvolues ſtand ſnarring vvho ſhall bite him firſt.
Farvvell my ſoueraigne, long maiſt thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.
Exet Humphrey, vvith the Cardinals men.
King. My Lords what to your vviſdoms ſhal ſeem beſt,

Do and vndo as if our ſelfe were here.
Queen. What wil your highneſſe leaue the Parlament?
King. I Margaret. My heart is kild with griefe,
Where I may ſit and ſigh in endleſſe mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloſter he is none.
Exet King, Salsbury, and VVarwicke.
Queene. Then ſit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerſet.
Let vs conſult of proud Duke Humphries fall.
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For ſafetie of our King and Common-wealth.
Suffolke. And ſo thinke I Madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had ſhooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to paſſe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barkes not when he would ſteale the Lambe,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We ſhould not queſtion if that he ſhould liue.
No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,
Leaſt that in liuing he offend vs more.
Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do riſe in Armes for him.
Yorke. Then do it ſodainly my Lords.
Suffol. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.
Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my houſe.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Queene. How now ſirrha, what newes?
Meſſen. Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Iriſh Kernes that vncontrold,
Doth plant themſelues within the Engliſh pale.
Queene. What redreſſe ſhal we haue for this my Lords?
Yorke. Twere very good that my Lord of Somerſet
That fortunate Champion were ſent ouer,
And burnes and ſpoiles the Country as they goe.

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